

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The *TEMPEST*.

A *MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM*.

The Two *GENTLEMEN of VERONA*.

The *MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR*.



BIRMINGHAM:

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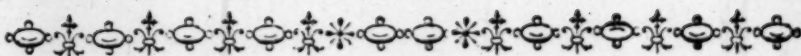
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VOL.

THE

TEMPEST.



Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

Anthonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian, }
Francisco, }
 Lords.

Caliban, *a Salvage and deformed Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*

Iris,

Ceres,

Juno,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

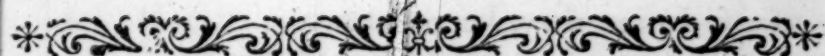
} *Spirits, employed in the Masque.*



Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

S C E N E, *An uninhabited Island.*

TH



* T H E
T E M P E S T.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard:

Enter a Ship master, and a Boatswain.

MASTER.

BOATSWAIN.—

Boatsf. Here, Master, what cheer?

Maft. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground; bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-sail; tend to th' master's whistle; blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the master? play the men.

* These two Plays, the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer-night's Dream*, are the noblest Efforts of that sublime and amazing Imagination, peculiar to *Shakespeare*, which soars above the Bounds of Nature without forsaking Sense; yet seems to carry Nature along with him beyond her established Limits.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence—what care these Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o'the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling!—

A cry within. *Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.*

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant.

The T E M P E S T.

5

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreson insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers! to prayers! all lost! [*Exe.*

Boatsf. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us assist 'em.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience. [*kards.*

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkard. This wide-chop'd rascal—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning.

The washing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet.

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

A confused noise within] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewel, my Wife and Children!

Brother, farewell! we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

*Changes to a Part of the Inchantèd Island near the
Cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. **I**F* by your art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth; or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than *Prospero*, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

* *If by your art, &c.*] Nothing was ever better contrived to inform
the Audience of the Story than this Scene: It is a Conversation
that could not have happened before, and could not but happen
now.

Pro.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me: so!
[Lays down his mantle.
Lie there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have com-
fort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
*The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there's no soul lost,
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel [down;
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: sit
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Say;* not yet.—

Pro. The hour's now come.
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came into this cell?
I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,

* *The very virtue of compassion in thee*] We must not imagine that
this was intended to shew her *Virtue*, but rather Kindness for others
in Distress. Compassion for others Misfortunes often arises from a
Sense or Apprehension of the like: Therefore this was more *Sympa-*
thy than *Virtue*.

That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyfme of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, *Miranda*; twelve years
since,

Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She faid, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' * teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*—
I pray thee, mark me;—(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first;
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study :)
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

* teen, i. e. Sorrow.

Pro.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
* To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures; that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, [not.
And suckt my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falshood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *sans* bound. * He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
But what my pow'r might else exact; like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling oft,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke from substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing
—Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man! my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates

* *To trash*] signifies to cut away the Trash or Superfluities; as,
to top, signifies, to cut off the Top.

(So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
 The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan* !)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns !

Pro. Mark his condition, and th'event; then tell
 If this might be a Brother? [me,

Mira. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my grand-mother;
 Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:
 The King of *Naples*, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu o'th'premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*.
 With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
 A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
 Fated to th'purpose, did *Anthonio* open
 The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
 I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
 Which now's upon's; without the which this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
 (So dear the love my people bore me;) set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but

With

With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to Sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have mock'd the sea with drops full-salt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzale*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my book, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. * Now, I arise:—

* *Pro.* Now, I arise:—] i. e. now I come to the principal Part
of my Story, for the Sake of which I told the foregoing; namely
this, that I have now my Enemies in my Power; and if I omit this
Opportunity, I shall never have another to recover my Dukedom.
So *Richard III*, when he comes to the Murder of his Nephews, says
to *Tirrel*,

— Rise, and lend an ear.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
 Than other princes can, that have more time
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray
 you, Sir,
 (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
 By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
 (Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
 I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose Influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
 And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse——
 [Miranda sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:
 Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

S C E N E III.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. **A**LL hail, great master! grave Sir, hail, I come
 To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;
 To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
 On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.
 I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
 Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,

And

And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-spout, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son *Ferdinand*
With hair up staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
" And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this night shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perill'd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispos'd them 'bout the isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew

From

From the still-vext **Bermoothes*, there she's hid:
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,
 I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet
 (Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
 And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
 Bound sadly home for *Naples*;
 Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wreckt,
 And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
 What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season, at least two glasses.

Pro. The time 'twixt fix and now
 Must by us both be spent most preciouslly. [pains,

Ari. Is there more toil; since thou dost give me
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
 What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
 Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
 To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
 From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No. [ooze

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
 Of the salt deep;
 To run upon the sharp Wind of the North;
 To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,
 When it is bak'd with frost,

* From the still-vext *Bermoothes*,] *Theobald* says *Bermoothes* is printed by mistake for *Bernudas*; But *Bermoothes* is the Name by which the Islands then went, as we may see by the Voyagers of that Time.

Ari.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hood? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir. [tell me.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak;

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold and forceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir. [child,

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
And here was left by her sailors; thou my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand * hefts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou did'st vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, half-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment

* — her grand hefts,] i. e. her great Commands.

To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
 Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'th' sea.
 Be subject to no sight but mine: invisible
 To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
 And hither come in it: go hence with diligence

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
 Awake——

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
 We'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
 I do not love to look on——

Pro. But, as 'tis,
 We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
 That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban!*
 Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
 thee.

Come, thou Tortoise! when?——

Enter

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. A S* wicked dev, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
" Drop on you both a south-west blow on ye,
" And blister you all o'er! [cramps,

Pro. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have
Side-stiches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. " I must eat my dinner.

" This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
" Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
" Thou stroak'd'st me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me
" Water with berries in't; and teach me how
" To name the bigger light, and how the less,
" That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
" And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
" The fresh springs, brine-pits; barren place, and
fertile.
" Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms

* *Cal.* As wicked dev, &c.] *Shakespeare* hath very artificially given the Air of the Antique to the Language of *Caliban*, in order to heighten the Grotesque of his Character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwholsome*.

" Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 " For I am all the subjects that you have,
 " Who first was mine own King; and here you fly me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest of th'Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd
 thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
 In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—I wou'd, it had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
 This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. * Abhorred slave;
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other. † When thou couldst not, savage,
 Shew thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile
 race [natures
 (Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
 Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison——

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't

* *Abhorred slave;*] In some of the former Editions this Speech was
 given to *Miranda*. Mr. *Dryden* in his Alteration of this Play rightly
 transferred it to *Prospero*.

† *When thou didst not, savage,*
Know thy own meaning, &c.] Some of the ancient Editions
 have been printed as above expressed. The Benefit which *Prospero*
 here upbraids *Caliban* with having bestowed, was teaching him Lan-
 guage. He shews the Greatness of this Benefit by marking the In-
 convenience *Caliban* lay under for want of it. What was the Incon-
 venience? This, that he *did not know his own Meaning*.

Is,

Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wert' best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No 'pray thee.

I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[*Exit Caliban.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL's SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kist
(The wild waves whist;)*

*Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

Burthen, dispersedly.

*Hark, hark, baugh-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Baugh-waugh.*

Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this Music be, i'th' air, or
earth?—

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon

Some

Some God o'th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—— but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

A R I E L's S O N G.

** Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
- Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.*
Burthen : ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

S C E N E VI.

Pro. **T**HE fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

** Full fathom five thy father lies, &c.]* Let us consider the Business *Ariel* is here upon, and his Manner of executing it. The Commission *Prospero* had intrusted to him, in a Whisper, was plainly this; to conduct *Ferdinand* to the Sight of *Miranda*, and to dispose him to the quick Sentiments of Love, while he, on the other Hand, prepared his Daughter for the same Impressions. *Ariel* sets about his Business by acquainting *Ferdinand*, in an extraordinary Manner, with the afflictive News of his Father's Death. A very odd Apparatus, one would think for a Love-fit.

Pro.

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest, Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows, And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess

On whom these ayres attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r May know, if you remain upon this Island; And that you will some good instruction give, How I may bear me here: my prime request (Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder! If you be made or no

Mira. No wonder, Sir,

But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'ns!

I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 'tis spoken!

Pro. How? the best

What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me; And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples, Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld The King my father wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of Milan, And his brave son, being twain.

Pro.

Pro. The Duke of Milan,
 And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
 If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight,
 They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
 I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir.
 I fear, you've done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
 Is the third man, that I e'er saw; the first,
 That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
 To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
 And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
 The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft, Sir: one word more.—
 They're both in either's power: but this swift business
 I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
 Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge
 thee,

That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp
 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
 Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
 From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man. [ple.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a tem-
 If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me—
 Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
 Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
 The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
 I will resist such entertainment, 'till
 Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.

Mira.

Mira. * O dear father,
Make not too rash a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and *Caliban*; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:—
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

* *Mira, O dear father,
Make not too rash a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.*

This seems to be a very odd
Way of expressing her Sense of her Lover's good Qualities. It is
certain the Beauty of it is not seen at first View. *Miranda*, till now,
had never seen any Mortal (her Father excepted) but *Caliban*; and
had frequently beheld him under that Kind of Discipline which her
Father here threatens to inflict upon her Lover.

The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid: all corners else o'th'earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.

(Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*;) follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To *Ariel*.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, Sir,
 Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
 Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E. I.

*Another Part of the Island.**Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.*

G O N Z A L O.

BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
 (So have we all) of joy! for our escape
 Is much beyond our losses; our stint of woe
 Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
 The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
 (I mean our preservation) few in millions
 Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.***Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.**Ant. † The visiter will not give o'er so.**Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit,
 by and by it will strike.**Gon. Sir,——**Seb. One:——Tell:——**Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd;
 comes to the entertainer——**Seb. A dolor.**Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
 spoken truer than you propos'd.*

* All that follows after the Words *Pr'ythee, peace*, to the Words, *You cram these words*, &c. seems to have been interpolated, (perhaps by the Players,) the Verses there beginning again; and all that is between in Prose, not only being impertinent Stuff, but improper and ill-plac'd Drollery, in the Mouths of distressed shipwreckt People. There is more of the Same sort interspersed in the remaining Part of the Scene.

† *The visiter will not give o'er so.*] This *Visiter* is a Comforter or Adviser, and must be read, *Visiter*, i. e. the Adviser.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee spare.—

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert—

Sob. Ha, ha, ha,—So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb.

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt-water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Afric*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*?

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, widow *Dido*! ay, widow *Dido*!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.]

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too;
Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,

Than

Than we bring men to comfort them:

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' los.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,

The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very Foul

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or dock, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. * "I th' commonwealth, I would by contraries

"Execute all things: for no kind of traffick

"Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

"Letters shall not be known; wealth, poverty,

"And use of service, none; contract, succession,

"Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

"No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

"No occupation, all men idle, all,

"And women too; but innocent and pure:

"No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. * The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

"*Gon.* All things in common, nature should produce,

"Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,

"Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.] All this Dialogue is a fine Satire on the Utopean Treatises of Government, and the impracticable inconsistent Schemes therein recommended.

" Would I not have; but nature should bring forth.
 " Of its own kind, all * foison, all abundance
 " To feed my innocent People.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
 T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing
 to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it
 to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
 such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to
 laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-
 thing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at
 nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would
 lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue
 in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my
 discretion so weakly: will you laugh me asleep, for I
 am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all so soon asleep? I wish, mine eyes
 Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find,
 They are inclin'd to do so.

* — all foison, all abundance.] *foison* signifies the great Plenty of
 any Thing.

Seb.

Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, 'my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy——

[All asleep but Seb. and Ant.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why?

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink! I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian*—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep; what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*.

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep: die rather: wink'st:
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You

Must be so too, if heed me; * which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pry'thee, say on;

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd;) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive:
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me

Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

* which to do, Trebles thee o'er.] i. e. follow my advice, and it will
advance thy fortune to the height.

Ant.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i'th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd; tho' some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge——

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd thee, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True;
And, look, how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Where than my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience——

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.

Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!
Here lies your brother——

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Moral, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel with Music and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you his friend, are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) *to keep them living.
[Sings in *Gonzalo's* Ear.

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware:
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

*— to keep them living.] i. e. *Alonso* and *Anthonio*; for it was on
their Lives that his Project depended.

Gon.

Gon. Now good angels preserve the King!

[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you
Wherefore thus ghastly looking? [drawn?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a howling burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard:
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
For my poor son. [search

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prospero* my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Change to another part of the Island.

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder
heard.*

Cal. "ALL the infections, that the sun sucks up,
" From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and
make him

" By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
" And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,

" Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
 " Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
 " Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
 " For every trifle are they set upon me.
 " Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 " And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 " Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 " Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 " All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 " Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spi'rit of his, and to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
 weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
 sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
 one, * looks like a foul bumbard that would shed
 his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
 know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud
 cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls—What have we
 here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells
 like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind
 of, not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish!
 " Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had
 " but this fish painted, not an holiday-fool there but
 " would give a piece of silver. There would this
 " monster make a man; any strange beast there
 " makes a man; when they will not give a doit to
 " relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a
 " dead *Indian*." Legg'd like a man! and his fins
 like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my
 opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an
 Islander that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt.

* Looks like a foul Bumbard.] A large Vessel for containing Drink,
 as well as the Piece of Ordnance so call'd.

Alas!

Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; "Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows." I will here throwd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.*
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;
well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

Sings. *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she has a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang;
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her, were-e'er she did itch.
Than to see boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him, he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language, *Cat*; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he's drown'd; and these are devils; O! defend me——

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! "his forward voice now is to speak well "of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul "speeches, and to detract." If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come: *Amen!* I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. *Stephano*——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. *Stephano!* if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the sieg^e of this* moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*.

* *Moon-calf?*] It was imagined that the Moon had an ill Influence on the Infant's Understanding. Hence Idiots were called *Moon-calves*.

Trin.

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the storm over blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Napopolitans* scap'd?

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Hear: I swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th'sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th'moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow mon-

monster: *I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i'th' moon?—a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th'Isle, and I will kifs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kifs thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kifs.

Trin. ——But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. “I'll shew thee the best springs: I'll pluck
“thee berries,

“I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

“A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

“I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

“Thou wond'rous man.”

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. “I pr'ythee, let me bring thee were crabs
“grow;

“And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

“Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

“To snare the nibble marmazet; I'll bring thee

“To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

“* Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go
“with me?”

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our com-

* *I afraid of him? a very shallow monster, &c.*] It is to be observed that *Trinculo* the speaker is not charged with being afraid: But it was his Consciousness that he was so that drew this bragg from him. This is Nature.

* *Young Shamois.*] i. e. young Kids.

pany

pany else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban Ban, Cacalyban
Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

FERDINAND.

THERE be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most-poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean talk wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet Mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base-
Had ne'er like executer; I forget; [ness
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busifless, when I do it. Enter

Enter Miranda; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues

Have

Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my fathers's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would, not so! and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! heav'n's rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now
Till half an hour hence. [farewel,

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. TELL not me; when the butt is out, we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore
bear up,
and board 'em, servant-monster; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this Island!
they say, there's but five upon this isle; we are three
of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the state
totters.

Ste.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, now he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree ——— the poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again, to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,

a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, (for I, know, thou dar'st, But this thing dares not.—)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take you that. [Beats him.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too! A pox o' your bottle! this can
sack

sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster,
and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, stand
further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which when he has in house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I ne'er saw a woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she:
But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*,
As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lass!

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be King and Queen save our Graces: and
Trinculo and thyself shall be Vice-Roys. Dost thou
like the plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee:
but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry ; I am full of pleasure ;
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch,
You taught me while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason : come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em ; and skout 'em, and flout 'em ;
thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the
picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the like-
ness ; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee.
Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afraid ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid ; the isle is full of noises, [not.
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will 'hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices ;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again ; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away ; let's follow it,
and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would I could
see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow *Stephano*.

[*Exeunt.*
S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. **B**Y'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir, [deed,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, in-
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your pati-
I needs must rest me. [ence,

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one reprieve, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music: and Prospero on the top, in-
visible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a ban-
quet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation;
and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

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Alon.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both :

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say, I saw such islanders :
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. * Praise, in departing.——

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have sto-
machs.

Wilt please you taste of what is here ?

* *Pro. Praise in departing.*] This is a sarcasm. They were praising the Music and Attendance of this visionary Entertainment : But their Commendations were too hasty, for the Banquet was presently snatched from them : So that the Music was only a prelude to a Mockery. *Prospero* therefore says, *Stay your praises 'till you have ended your entertainment.*

Praise in departing.

The Phrase alludes to the Custom of Guests praising their Entertainment when they rise from the Banquet.

Alon.

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
em

Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find,

* Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

S C E N E IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.

Ari. **Y**OU are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this Island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of state; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs

* Each putter out on five for one. A Satire on the Voyagers of
that Time, who had just discovered a new World; and, as was na-
tural, gave very extravagant Accounts of the Wonders of it. Their
Ventures in these Expeditions are alluded to in the Title, given them,
of putters out on five for one.

D 2

Kill

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted. But remember,
 (For that's my business to you) that you three
 From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
 Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from
 (Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, Enter the shapes
 again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carrying
 out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
 And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand
 you
 In this strange stare?

Alon.

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

“Methoughts, the billows spoke, and told me of it;

“The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

“That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc’d

“The Name of *Prosper*: it did bafe my trespafs.

Therefore my fon i’t’h’ ooze is bedded; and

I’ll feek him deeper than e’er plummet founded,

And with him here lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,

I’ll fight their legions o’er,

Ant. I’ll be thy fecond.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; “their great

“guilt,

“Like poifon giv’n to work a great time after,

“Now ’gins to bite the fpirits. I do befeech you,

That are of fuppler joints, follow them fwiftly;

And hinder them from what this ecftafy

May now provoke them to,

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Prospero’s Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

I F I have too aufterely punifh’d you,

Your compensation makes amends; for I

Have giv’n you here a thread of mine own life;

Or that for which I live; whom once again

I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

Haft strangely flood the teft. Here, afore heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,

Do not fmile at me, that I boast her off;

For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
" If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
" All sanctimonious ceremonies may
" With full and holy Rite be minister'd,
" No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall
" To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
" Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
" The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
" That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or *Phæbus'* steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*——

S C E N E II.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. **W**HAT would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
Did worthily perform; and I must use you [service
In such another trick; go, * bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must

* — bring the rabble,] i. e. of Spirits.

Bestow

Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire if th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night, your vow!—

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come, my *Ariel*; *bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*To Ferdinand.*

Soft Music.

S C E N E III.

A MASQUE. Enter *Iris*.

Iris C E R E S, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy *April* at thy heft betrim,

* — bring a corollary,] *Corrollarium* signifies what we call Super-
numery, or what is more than is just sufficient.

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy brown
groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; *thy pale-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air ; the Queen o' th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these ; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport ; her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither to this short-grass green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If *Venus* or her son, as thou dost know,
Do not attend the Queen : since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid ; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
Dove-drawn with her ; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid

* *Thy pale-clipt Vineyard.* i. e. the *Vineyard* inclosed or fenced
with *Pales*, in Opposition to the wide and open *Sea-marge* or *Coast*.

'Till

Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish headed son has broke his arrows;
 Swears, he will shoot no more; but play with sparrows,
 And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gate.

Juno descends, and enters.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be,
 And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance and encreasing,
 How many joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison-plenty,
 Barns and garner's never empty,
 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing,
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall hunt you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charming Lays; may I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
 Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;

There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Naiads*, of the winding
brooks,

With your feg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of *August* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

S C E N E IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited, they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. I Had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: " these our actors,
" As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

" Are

“ Are melted into air, into thin air;
 “ And, like the baseless fabric of th’ air-visions
 “ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 “ The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 “ Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 “ And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 “ Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff
 “ As dreams are made on, and our little life
 “ Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vexed;
 Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
 Be not disturb’d with my infirmity;
 If thou be pleas’d, retire into my cell,
 And there repose: a turn or two I’ll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. *Exit Fer. and Mira.*

Pro. Come with a thought; — I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the Cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what’s thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented *Ceres*,
 I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear’d,
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drink—
 So full of valour, that they smote the air [ing;
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
 Advanc’d their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt music; so I charm’d their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow’d through
 Tooth’d briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
 Which enter’d their frail skins: at last I left them
 I th’ filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,

There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;

Thy shape invisible retain thou still;

*The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil; on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;

And, as with age, his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,

Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*

S C E N E. V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. **P**RAY you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harmless *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you——

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

* *The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither*

For stale to catch these thieves] If it be asked what Necessity there was for this Apparatus, I answer that it was the superstitious Fancy of the People, in our Author's Time, that Witches, Conjurors, &c. had no Power over those against whom they would employ their Charms, till they had got them at this Advantage, committing some Sin or other, as here of Theft.

Be

Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
All's hush't as midnight yet. [softly:

Trin. "Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. "There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
"that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. "That's more to me than my wetting: yet
"this is your harmless *Fairy*, monster.

Ste. "I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
"ears for my labour."

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet; see'st thou here,
This is the mouth o'th' bell; no noise, and enter;
Do that good mischief, which may make this Island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

Trin. *O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*!
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster, we know what belongs to
a frippery;—O, King *Stephano*!

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll
have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? let's along,
And do the murder first, if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line:

**Trin.* O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*!

Look what a Wardrobe here is for thee!] The Humour of these
Lines consists in their being an Allusion to an old celebrated Ballad,
which begins thus, *King Stephen was a worthy Peer*, &c. and cele-
brates that King's Parsimony with regard to his *Wardrobe*. There are
two Stanzas of this Ballad in *Othello*.

now

now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. " I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment
" for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am
" King of this country: steal by line and level, is
" an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment
" for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey,

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Before the Cell.**Enter Prospero in his magic Robes, and Ariel.*

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
 My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time
 Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
 You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
 When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
 How fares the King and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
 Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
 In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
 They cannot budge, 'till your release. The King,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
 Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
 His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
 From eaves of roofs; your charm so strongly works
 'em,
 That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

*—Time

Goes upright with his carriage The thought is pretty. Time is
 usually represented as an old Man almost worn out, and bending
 under his load. He is here painted as in great Vigour, and walking
 upright, to denote that Things went prosperously on.

Ari.

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further; go, release them; *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Pro. “**Y**E elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves,

“ And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
“ Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
“ When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
“ By moon-shine do the green sours ringlets make,
“ Whereof the ewenot bites; and you, whose pastime
“ Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
“ To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
“ (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
“ The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
“ And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
“ Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
“ Have I giv'n fire, and risted *Jove's* stout oak
“ With his own bolt: the strong bas'd promontory
“ Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
“ The pine and cedar: graves at my command
“ Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers, wak'd
“ By my so potent art.” But this rough magic

I here abjure; and when I have required
 Some heav'nly music, which even now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm has frailty;) I'll break my staff;
 Bury't a certain fathom in the earth;
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn Music.]

S C E N E III.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A Solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
 Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
 For you are spell-sighted.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellow-drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 “Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
 “Begin to chase the ignorant fumes, that mantle
 “Their clearer reason.” O my good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*, flesh and blood.
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pitches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. “Their understanding
 “Begins

" Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 " Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 " That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me.—*Ariel*
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will dis-case me, and myself present,
 [Exit *Ariel*, and returns immediately.
 As I was sometime *Milan*: quickly, Spirit;
 Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I!
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After Summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so,
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
 The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:
 For more assurance that a living Prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
 And to thee and thy company I bid
 A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
 Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
 Th'affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
 (And if this be at all) a most strange story:
 Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
 Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should *Prospero*
 Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
 Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
 Or be not, I'll not wear.

Pro. You do yet asse
 Some subtilties o'th' isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
 But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
 And justify you traitors; at this time
 I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
 My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation,
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
 Were wreckt upon this shore; where I have lost
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
 My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
 Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
 You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
 For

For the like los, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like los?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear los, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been jussled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am *Prosp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan*; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Chefs.

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. *Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.
Of a glad Father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.

* Yes, for a Score of Kingdoms] i. e. If the Subject or Bet were
Kingdoms: Score here not signifying the Number Twenty, but Ac-
count.

The T E M P E S T.

70

I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought, I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's;

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, *Gonzalo*!

Gon. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*! O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart.
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
 I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
 Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
 Our King and company; the next, our ship,
 Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
 Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
 And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
 Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
 Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
 Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moving hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
 And there is in this business more than nature

Was

Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) * single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. EVERY man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune;
Coragio, bully-monster, *Coragio*!

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong

* *single I'll resolve you,*] Because the Conspiracy, against him, of
his Brother *Sebastian* and his own Brother *Anthonio*, would make Part
of the Relation.

That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pircht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where should
they

Find this grand 'lixer, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*? [cramp.

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a

Pro. You'd be King o' th' isle, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourses as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away; the story of my life,
 And the particular accidents gone by,
 Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*;
 Where I have hope to see the nuptials
 Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
 And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

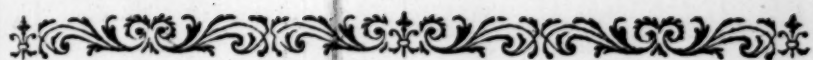
Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
 That is thy charge: Then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: And now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Du'edoni got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits t'enforce, art to enchant;
* And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

*— And my ending is despair,

Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;]

This alludes to the old Stories told of the *Necromancer's* Despair
in their last Moments; and of the Efficacy of the Prayers of their
Friends for them.

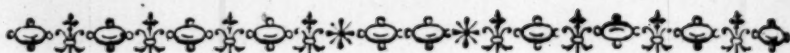


A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

DREAM.





Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*
Lyfander, *in love with Hermia.*
Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*
Philoftrate, *Master of the Sports to the Duke.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker,*
Starveling, *the Taylor.*



Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betroth'd to Theseus.*
Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*
Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,
Cobweb,
Moth,
Mustard-seed,

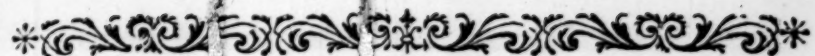
} *Fairies.*

Pyramus,
Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lion,

} *Characters in the Interlude performed
by the Clowns.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; and a Wood not far from it.



A MIDSUMMER - NIGHT'S D R E A M.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Duke's Palace in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with Attendants.

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long wintering on a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly sleep themselves in
night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, *Philostrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit. Phi.*
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lyfander.—And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyfander*, thou hast giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And * stoll'n th' impression of her fantasy,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: And, my gracious Duke,
Be't so, she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*;
I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a God,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power

* *stoll'n th' impression of her fantasy*,] The expression is elegant and pretty. It alludes to the taking the Impression of a Key in Wax, in order to have another made to unlock a Cabinet.

To

*To 'leve the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himself he is;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:

† I know not by what pow'r I am made bold;

Nor how it may concern my modesty,

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:

But, I beseech your Grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires;

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless, moon?

Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!

But earthlie happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

*To 'leve the figure, &c.] i. e. *releve*, to heighten or add to the Beauty of the Figure, which is said to be imprinted by him. 'Tis from the French, *relever*.

† I know not, by what power I am made bold;] It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that when a Person did or said any Thing that exceeded his common Faculties of Performance, that he did it by the Assistance of some God. So here she insinuates, that it was Love that enabled her to plead his Cause.

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yolk
My soul consents not to give Sov'reignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon,
(The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*; and, *Lyfander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyf. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia's*; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lyfander*! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lyf. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well posselt: my love is more than his:
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar's* daughter, *Helena*;
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t'have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, *Demetrius*, come;
And come, *Egeus*; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm yourself

To

To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

* Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

C E N E II.

Remain Lyfander and Hermia.

Lyf. **H**OW now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance, the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain; which I could well
† Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lyf. *Hermia*, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood——

Her. O cross! —— too high, to be enthrall'd to
low ——

Lyf. Or else misgraff'd, in respect of years ——

Her. O spight! —— too old, to be engag'd to young!

Lyf. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ——

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lyf. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

* *Come, my Hippolita; what cheer, my love?* *Hippolita* had not said one single Word all this while. Had a modern Poet had the teaching of her, we should have found her the busiest amongst them; and, without Doubt, the Lovers might have expected a more equitable Decision. But *Shakespeare* knew better what he was about; and observed Decorum.

† *Beteem, or pour down upon them.*

Mr. Pope.

Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 " * Brief as the lightning in the † collied night,
 " That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
 " And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
 " The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
 So quick bright things come to confusion. —

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross,
 It stands as an edict in destiny:
 Then, let us teach our tryal patience:
 Because it is a customary cross,
 As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sighs,
 Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*.
 I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
 From *Athens* is her house remov'd seven leagues,
 And she respects me as her only son.
 There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
 And to that place the sharp *Athenian* law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
 To do observance to the morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*, —

* *Brief as the lightning in the collied Night,*
That, in a Spleen, unfolds both Heaven and Earth.] Tho' the Word
Spleen be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. *Shake-*
spear always hurried on by the Grandeur and Multitude of his Ideas
 assumes, every now and then, an uncommon Licence in the Use of
 his Words. Particularly in complex moral Modes it is usual with
 him to employ one, only to express a very few Ideas of that Number
 of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to Express the Ideas
 — of a sudden, or — in a trice, he uses the Word *Spleen*; which, par-
 tially considered, signifying a hasty sudden Fit is enough for him,
 and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller Signification
 of the Word.

† *Collied* or *black*.

Lys.

Lys. I swear to thee by *Cupid's* strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus's* doves,
By that, which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke; —

Her. In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

C E N E III.

Enter Helena.

Her. **G**OD speed, fair *Helena*! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: oh, were favour so!
Your's would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being 'bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius's* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lyfander and myself will fly this place.
 Before the time I did *Lyfander* see,
 Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.
 O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?

Lyf. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold;
 To-morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold
 Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass;
 (A time, that lovers flights doth still conceal)
 Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
 There, my *Lyfander* and myself shall meet;
 And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
 To seek new Friends and strange Companions.
 Farewel, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*!
 Keep word, *Lyfander*; we must starve our sight
 From Lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Hermia.*]

Lyf. I will, my *Hermia*.——*Helena*, adieu;
 As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! *Exit Lyfan.*

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
 Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
 He will not know; what all, but he, do know.
 And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.

Nor

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
 For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
 He hail'd down bathos, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail bore heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and
 Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally
 man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name,
 which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in
 our interlude before the Duke and Dutcheſs, on his
 wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play
 treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so
 go on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable co-
 medy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and
 a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your
 actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the
 weaver. Bot.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest;—yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cap in: To make all split—"the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison-gates—and *Phibbus*' carr shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates."—This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles*' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a masque; and you may speak as small, as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, *Thifne*, *Thifne*; ah *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, the taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby*'s mother.

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snowt.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*'s father; myself, *Thisby*'s father; *Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part: I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am flow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard; your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts? and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse;

hearfe; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

* *Quin.* At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.—

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A W O O D.

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

PUCK.

HOW now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,

* *At the Duke's oak we meet—hold, or cut bow-strings.*] This proverbial Phrase came originally from the Camp. When a Rendezvous was appointed, the Militia Soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping Word that their *bow-strings* were broke, i. e. their Arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute Assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the Bow-string held or broke.

Those

Those be rubies, Fairy-favours:
In those freckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight.
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an *Indian King*:
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do *square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagere,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless hufwife chern:
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mis-lead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly-foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

* i. e. quarrel or jar.

Pope

In

In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But make room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my mistress: would, that he were gone!

S C E N E II.

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his train,
 and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. I LL met at moon-light, proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? Faires, skip hence.

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash Wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady; but I know,
 When thou hast stoll'n away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of *Corin* sate all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To am'rous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest sleep of *India*?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To *Theseus* must be wedded; and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
 Glance at my credit with *Hippolita*;
 Knowing, I know thy love to *Theseus*?

Didst

*Didst thou not lead him glimmering, through the
From *Periguné*, whom he ravish'd; [night
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never since that middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by bushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter heried,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, waxes all the air;
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change

* *Didst thou not lead him glimmering through the night*
The Meaning is she conducted him in the Appearance of fire through
the dark Night.

Their

Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
By their inchase, now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my *henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order,
And, in the spiced *Indian* air by night,
Full often she hath gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
† Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate
Follying (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

* Or Usher.

Mr. Pope.

† Which she with pretty and with swimming gate

Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)

Would imitate—] Some of the ancient Editions read as above. But following what? she did not follow the Ship, whose Motion she imitated: For that sailed on the Water, she on the Land. If by following we are to understand imitating, it will be a mere Pleonasm—imitating would imitate. From the Poet's Description of the Actions it plainly appears we should read

follying—

Would imitate.

i. e. wantoning in Sport and Gaiety.

Queen.

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Queen. Perchance, 'ill after *Theseus*' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. *Elves, away:*
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this
grove,

'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou cou'dst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid alarm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair * *Vestal*, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft snarltly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young *Cupid*'s fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial *Votress* pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it love in idleness.
Fetch me that flow'r: the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

* A Compliment to *Queen Elizabeth.*

Mr. Pope.

Fetch

Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdly round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit.]

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

S C E N E III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I Love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stoll'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood;
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:

Use

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used, as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild Beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex,
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love so well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Ob. **F**ARE thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

*Enter Puck.**Puck.* Ay, there it is.*Ob.* I pray thee, give it me;

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the Man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than she upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Qu. **C**OME, now : roundel, and a Fairy song :
Then, for the third part of the midnight,
Some to kill cankers in the mulk-rose buds, [hence;
Some war with rear-voice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint sports. Sing me now asleep:
Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.*

Fairy.

*Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor snail, do no offence,
Philomel with melody, &c.*

Fairy.

*Hence, away; now 'll is well:
One, aloof, stand Centinel.*

Exeunt Fairies.

The Queen sleeps.

F 2

Enter

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true love take:
 Love and languish for his sake;
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear,
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
 Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit Oberon.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lyf. FAIR love, you faint with wandring in the
 wood;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
 We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if thou think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, *Lysander*; find you out a bed,
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lyf. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good *Lysander*; for my sake, my dear,
 Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lyf. O take the sense, sweet, of my conference;
 Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence;
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
 So that but one heart can you make of it:
 Two bosoms, interchained with an oath;
 So then two bosoms, and a single troth:
 Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
 For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
 Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
 If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd.

But

But, gentle friend, for love and curtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be prest!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love:
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my master said,
Despised the *Athenian* maid,
And here the maiden sleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! he durst not lie
Near to this lack-love Lill-curtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid;
So awake, when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. **S**TAY, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*!
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt
me thus.

F 3

Hel.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase;
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed, and attractive, eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers:
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel, though *Demetrius*
Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.
What wicked, and dissembling, glass of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia's* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground:
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:
Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent *Helen*, nature here shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so;
What tho' he love your *Hermia*? lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
Things, growing, are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do;
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness:
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And all my pow'rs address your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight! [Exit.]

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear;
Me-thought a serpent eat my heart away;
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what remov'd? *Lysander*, lord!
What, out of hearing gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; (I swoon almost, with fear.)
No?—then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The W O O D.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snowt. By'raken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better assurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Sonnet

Snowt. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snowt. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come here as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

S C E N E II.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. **W**HAT hempen home-spuns have we swag-
gering here.

So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?

What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;

An Actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest *Thisby*, dear;

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit;

And, by and by, I will to thee appear. [*Exit Pyr.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aside.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's* tomb. *Quin.*

Quin. *Ninus'* tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet: that you answer to *Pyramus*; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter Bottom, with an Afs-head.

This. O,——As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted; pray, masters; fly, masters; help! [*The Clowns exeunt.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Ex.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an afs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee; thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery, this is to make an afs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*]

The Ousef cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.

Queen.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?
[*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, [Sings.
The plain-song cuckow gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.

For, indeed, who would set his Wit to so foolish a
bird? who would give a bird the lie, tho' he cry
cuckow never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little rea-
son for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and
love keep little company together now-a-days. The
more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not
make them friends. Nay, I can *gleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to
get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine
own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

* Joke or Scoff.

Mr. Pope.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter four Fairies.

¹ Fair. **R**EADY.

² Fair. And I.

³ Fair. And I.

⁴ Fair. And I: where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moor-beams from his sleeping Eyes;
Nod to him elvish, and do him courtesies.

¹ Fair. Hail, mortal, hail!

² Fair. Hail! —

³ Fair. Hail! —

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily; I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman.

Pease. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash* your mother, and to master *Peasecod* your father. Good master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too: Your name, I beseech you, Sir.

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good master *Mustardseed*, I know your parentage well: that same cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I

pro-

promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good master *Mustardseed*.

Qu. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity!
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt*

S C E N E IV.

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. **I** Wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now, mad sprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Theseus'* nuptial day.
The shallow'st thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's noll I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruffet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

Sever

Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns, at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better, than I could devise.
But hast thou yet catch'd the *Athenian's* eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. **S**TAND close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse:
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease

Her

* Her brother's noon-tide i'th' *Antipodes*.

It cannot be, but thou hast murther'd him;
So should a murtherer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murther'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring sphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lyfander*? where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.

O! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lyfander*'s blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

* Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes*] This the old Reading.
She says, she would as soon believe, that the Moon, then shining,
could creep through the Centre, and meet the Sun's Light on the
other Side the Globe. It is plain therefore we should read,

— i'th' *Antipodes*, i. e. in the *Antipodes* where the Sun was
then shining.

Which

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er rules, that, one man holding
troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athenis*, see, thou find.
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear;
By some illusion, see, thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow. [*Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise, they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone.

And

And those things do best please me,
That befall prepost'rously.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. **W**HY should you think, that I should woo
in scorn;

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears:

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more;

When truth kills truth, O devilish, holy, fray!

These vows are *Hermia's*: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyf. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Her. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lyf. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [awaking.] O *Helen*, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy; O how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss

This Pureness of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. O spight, O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can

* Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But must join insolents to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts;
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of nobler fort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but, a guest-wife, sojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know,
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

* Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But You must join in souls to mock me too?] This is spoken to *Demetrius*. The last Line is nonsense. They should be read thus,

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But must join insolents to mock me too?
meaning *Lysander*, who, as she thought, mocked her when he declared his Passion for her.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. **D**ARK night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes :

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the earing double recompence.

Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyfander*, found;

Mine ear, I thank, it brought me to thy found.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press *Lyfander* from my side?

Lyf. *Lyfander's* love, that would not let him 'bide,

Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,

Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,

The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not, as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;

Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid,

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us; O! and is all forgot?

All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?

We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,

Created with our needles both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;

Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds

Had

Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love afunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems, that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who, even but now, did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuse;

My

My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena*!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel, no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Prayers.

Helen. I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says, I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come——

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*!

Dem. No, no, he'll seem
To break away; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let
loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this?

Sweet love!

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine: hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lysander*?
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you
left me;

Why then you left me — (O the gods forbid it!)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest;

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-blossom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stoll'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.

Now, I perceive, that she hath made compare

Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish and low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid, for my cowardice:

Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,

Because she's something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again. —

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me;

I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save

Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
 He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
 But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
 And follow you no further. Let me go.
 You see, how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
 She was a vixen, when she went to school;
 And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus;
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
 You *Minimus*, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
 You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
 In her behalf that scorns your services.
 Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
 Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
 Never so little shew of love to her,
 Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
 Now follow, if thou dar'st; to try whose right,
 Or thine, or mine, is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:
 Nay, go not back.

Hel.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exit*: *Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. **T**HIS is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* eyes;
And so far am I glad it did so sort,
As this their jangling esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou see'st, the lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fogs, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime, frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou, like *Demetrius*;
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might;
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted fight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.

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, Whiles

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts wandring here and there
 Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully exile themselves from light;
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
 I with the morning-light have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Ev'n 'till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on *Neptune* with far-blessing beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:
 I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then.

To plainer ground. [*Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.*]
Enter

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speak again;
Thou run-away thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bush: where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

Exeunt.

Lyfander comes back.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day:

[Lies down.]

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spite.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou higher, I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy
this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see.
Now, go thy way; faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

Lies down.

G 2

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O Weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from
the East;

That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From these, that my poor company detest;
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires:
Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.
Heav'n's shield *Lyfander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound,
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lyfander's eye.]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have *Jill*, naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

[Exit Puck. [They sleep.]

A C T

ACT IV SCENE I.

Continued, The WOOD,

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

QUEEN.

COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head;
And kiss thy fair large-ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a chistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur Mustardseed?

Must. Ready.

*Bot. Give me thy *nease, monsieur Mustardseed; pray you, leave your curfey, good monsieur.*

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Nease, (*Yorkshire*) for Fift.

Mr. Pope.

Queen.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and bones.

Rural Music, Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away: [arms; So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, Gently entwist the Maple; Ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm. O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin; Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouriet's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which strait she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes :
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* swain ;
That he, waking, when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair ;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But, first, I will release the Fairy Queen ;

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;

See, as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon* ! what visions have I seen !
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass ?

Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now !

Ob. Silence, a while ; *Robin*, take off his head ;

Titania, music call ; and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Queen. Music, ho ! music ; such as charmeth
sleep.

Still Music.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes sleep.

Ob. Sound, Music ; come, my Queen, take hand
with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity ;

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke *Thebesus*' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all far posterity :

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark ;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my *Queen*, in silence sad ;
Trip we after the night's shade ;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found, *[Sleepers lie still.*
With these mortals on the ground. *[Exeunt.*
[Wind horns within.

S C E N E II.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his Train.

The. **G**O one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd,
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, go, —
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair *Queen*, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta* ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
* The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thef. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;

* *The skies, the Fountains,*]—'Tis believed the true Reading is
Mountains.

Crook

Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A ſtrange more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:
Judge, when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are
theſe?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's* *Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.

Theſ. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The Rite of *May*; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

Theſ. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their
horns.

*Horns, and ſhout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia,
and Helena, wake and ſtart up.*

Theſ. Good morrow, friends; *Saint Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon, my lord.

Theſ. I pray you all, ſtand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealousy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;
 I beg the law, the law upon his head:
 They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
 Thereby to have defeated you and me;
 You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
 Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their stealth,
 Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
 And I in fury hither follow'd them;
 Fair *Helena* in fancy following me,
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
 But by some power it is, my love to *Hermia*
 Is melted as the snow; seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
 Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
 Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;
 But like a sickness did I loath this food;
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it;
 And will for ever more be true to it.

Thef. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
 Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit;
 And for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
 Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, *Hippolita*. [*Exeunt Duke, Hippolita and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted Eye;
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;

And

* And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

As they go out, Bottom wakes.

Bot. **W**HEN my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer. My next is, Most fair *Pyramus*
—hey, ho—*Peter Quince*, Flute the bellows-mender!
Snowt the tinker! *Starveling*! god's my life! stoll'n
hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare
vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say
what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about
to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is
no man can tell what. Methought I was, and me-
thought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if
he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye
of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not

* And I have found *Demetrius* like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.] *Hermia* had observed that Things
appeared double to her. *Helena* replies, so methinks; and then sub-
joins, that *Demetrius* was like a Jewel, her own and not her own.
He is here, the, compared to something which had the Property of
appearing to be one Thing when it was another. Not the Property
sure of a Jewel: Or, if you will, of none but a false one: There-
fore we should read,

And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell,

Mine own, and not mine own.] — From *Gemellus* a Twin. For *De-
metrius* had that Night acted two such different Parts, that she could
hardly think them both played by one and the same *Demetrius*; but
that there were Twin *Demetrius*'s like the two *Socia*'s in the Farce.

seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it * after death.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Town.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Sterveling.

Quin. HAVE you sent to *Bottom's* house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon; a paramour is. (God bless us!) a thing of naught.

* *I shall sing it at her death.*] At *her* Death? At *whose*? In all *Bottom's* Speech there is not the least Mention of any She-creature, to whom this Relative can be coupled: Therefore it cannot be scrupled, but *Bottom*, for the Sake of a Jest, and to render his *Voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said; — *I shall sing it after Death.* He, as *Pyramus*, is killed upon the Scene; and so might promise to rise again at the Conclusion of the Interlude, and give the Duke his Dream by way of Song. — The Source of the Corruption of the Text is very obvious. — The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar Pronunciation, the Copyist might write it from the Sound — *a'ter*: which some Editors not understanding, concluded, two Words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced this Reading, — *at her*.

Enter

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully *Bottom*! thus hath he lost fix-pence a-day during his life: he could not have 'scap'd fix-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him fix-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom:

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!——O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath din'd. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: in any case, let *Thisby* have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for thy shall hang out for the lion's claws; and, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a most sweet comedy. No more words; away; go away.

Exeunt.

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The P A L A C E.**Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.*

H I P P O L I T A.

'TIS strange, my *Theseus*, what these lovers speak of.
Thes. More strange than true. I never may
 believe

These antic fables, nor these fairy toys;
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
 The madman. While the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
 Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
 heav'n;

And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
 Or in the night imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy;
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter

Enter Lyfancer, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

Thef. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lys. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

Thef. Come now, what masks, what dances shall
we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call *Philostrate*.

Enter Philostrate.

Philostr. Here, mighty *Theseus*.

Thef. Say, what abridgment have you for this
evening?
What masque? what music? how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostr. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.
[*Giving a Paper.*]

Thef. reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The riot of the rash Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device and it was plaid,
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice thrice Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.
That is some fatyr, keen and critical;
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,*

And

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

* Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?

That is, hot Ice; a wondrous strange Shew.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief, as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is:

For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Thef. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,

Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories

With this same play against your nuptials.

Thef. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,

It is not for you. I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

Thef. I will hear that play:

"For never any thing can be amiss,

"When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit. Phil.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

* Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?

That is hot Ice, and wondrous strange Snow.] The nonsense of the last Line should be corrected thus,

That is, hot Ice, a wondrous strange shew!

Thef.

Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor (willing) duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the prologue is addrest.

Thes. Let him approach.

[*Flor. Trum.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Quince, for the prologue.

Pro. IF we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despatch.

We do not come, as minding to content you,

Our true intent is.—all for your delight, [you,

We are not here.—that you should here repent
The

The actors are at hand;—and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like
a child on the recorder; a sound, but not in go-
vernment.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, and *Thisbe*, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb shew.

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;

This beauteous lady *Thisbe* is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:

And through wall's chink, pour souls, they are con-
tent

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth moon-shine: For, if you will know,

By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at *Ninus'* Tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which by name *Lion* hight,

The trusty *Thisbe*, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty *Thisbe's* mantle slain;

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

And *Thisbe*, tarrying in the mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let

Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

Thes. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when
many asses do.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snout* by name, present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Pyr'mus* and *Thisbe*,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better?

Dem. It is the wittest partition, that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
black!

O night which ever art, when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear my *Thisbe's* promise is forgot,
And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, [eyne.
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* shield thee well for
this!

But what see I? no *Thisbe* do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Thes. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thifby's* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thifbe.

Thif. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones:

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink;

To spy, an I can hear my *Thifbe's* face.

Thifbe!

Thif. My love! thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

Thif. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

Thif. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thif. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straight-
way?

Thif. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*

Thef. Now is the Mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wil-
ful to rear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

Thef. The best in this kind are but shadows; and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not
theirs.

Thef. If we imagine no worse of them than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in a man and a lion.

Enter

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's dam:
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Thes. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er
I saw.

Lys. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

Thes. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry
his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

Thes. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well;
leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the
moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Thes. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible
within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:
Myself the man i'th' moon doth seem to be.

Thes. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the
man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else
the man i'th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for
you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; 'would, he would
change!

Thes. It appears by his small light of discretion,
that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesy, in all rea-
son, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, *Moon*.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you that
the lanthorn is the moor; I, the man in the moon;
this

this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes *Thiſbe*.

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny's* tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.— [The Lion roars, *Thiſbe* runs off.]

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion*.

Theſ. Well run, *Thiſbe*.

Hip. Well shone, *Moon*.

Truly, the *Moon* shines with a good grace.

Theſ. Well mouz'd, *Lion*.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lion* vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet *Moon*, I thank thee for thy funny beams;

I thank thee, *Moon*, for shining now so bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of trueſt *Thiſbe's* fight.

But stay: O spight!

But mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O deer!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, you furies fell:

O fates! come, come:

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Theſ. This passion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart. but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didst thou *Lions* frame?
Since

Since Lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is —no, no— which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound: out sword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky;
Tongue, lose thy light: moon, take thy flight;
Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.

Dem. No die, but all ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is
nothing.

Thef. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet re-
cover, and prove an afs.

Hip. How chance the *Moonshine* is gone, before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thisbe.

Thef. She will find him by star-light.

Here she comes; and her passion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for
such a *Pyramus*: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyra-*
mus, which *Thisbe*, is the better. [eyes.

Lys. She hath spy'd him already with those sweet

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.——

Thisf. Asleep, my love?

What dead, my dove?

O *Pyramus*, arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lilly brows,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers,

Lovers, make moan !
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O sisters three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk ;
 Lave them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word :
 Come, trusty sword ;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 And farewell, friends,
 Thus *Thisbe* ends ;
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.]

Thef. Moonshine and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company ?

Thef. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbe's* garter it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your bergomask ; let your Epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost *Fairy* time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revel and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

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VOL.

S C E N E III.

Enter Puck.

Puck. **N**OW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon:
Whilst the heavy plowman snoars,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate's* team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowy fire,
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this song by roat;
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and blest this place.

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The

The S O N G.

Now until the break of day,
 Through this house each Fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be :
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate ;
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be :
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Never mole, hair-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every Fairy take his gate,
 And each several chamber blest,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace.
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away, make no stay ;
 Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, and all is mended ;
 That you have but slumbred here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weak and idle theam
 No more yielding but a dream,
 Gentles, do not reprehend ;
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And as I am honest Puck,
 If we have unearned luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends ere long :
 Else the Puck a liar call :
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends ;
 And Robin shall restore amends. [Exeunt omn.

THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.



Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Milan, *Father to Silvia.*

Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a Lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

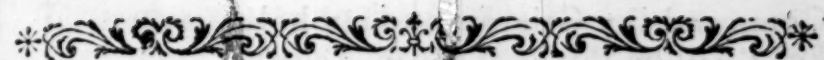
Servants, Musicians.

The S C E N E, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.



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THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? sweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
With me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,

Commend thy Grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not: for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;

Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain:

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit;

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you.
And he that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks, should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud;

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,

That

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan*!

Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell!

[Exit.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

SCENE II.

Enter Speed.

Speed. **S**IR *Protheus*, save you; saw you my master?
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark
for *Milan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baâ*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to *Julia*?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton, and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons,

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she: did she nod? [*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir: I said, she did nod: And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed.

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly;
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Bestrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what
said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the
matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from
her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter.
And being so hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as
steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as to take this for thy pains:
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have tes-
tern'd me:

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter
yourself: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Julia's Chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. **B**UT say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in
love?

H 5

Luc.

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll shew my
mind,

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his
name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on
him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their

Jul. I would, I knew his mind. [love.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc.

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from
Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; see, it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.]

Jul. And yet I would, I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod?
How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie, where it concerns;
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:
How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat.

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean, to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears it.*

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me. [*pleas'd*

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
 Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
 And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
 I'll kiss each several paper for amends:
 Look, here is writ *kind Julia*;—Unkind *Julia*!
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones;
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.
 Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sov'reign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name: That some whirl-wind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,
To the sweet Julia that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sit so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what fights you see:
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Antonio's House.**Enter Antonio and Panthion.*

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the
cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age;
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither; There

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor;
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time, no, will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn,
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heav'nly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
 With *Valentine* in the Emp'r's court:
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
 To-morrow be in readines to go.
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
 Please to deliberate a day or two. [thee :

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after
 No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. -
 Come on, *Panthion*; you shall be employ'd
 To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of burn-
 ing;
 And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
 I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse,
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
 Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
 Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
 He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is, my heart accords thereto:
 And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove—

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah, *Silvia!* *Silvia!*

Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*

Val. How now, *Sirra!*?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who had you call her?

Speed. Your worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was left chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks; first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his *A, B, C*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak purling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*. You were wont,
when

when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock ; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner ; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money ; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me ?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me ? they cannot.

Speed. Without you ? nay, that's certain ; for without you were so simple, none else would ; But you are so without these Follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal ; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia* ?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so as she sits at supper ?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that ? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not ?

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not ?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir ?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know ?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well-favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted ? and how out of count ?

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me ? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long has she been deform'd ?

Speed.

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her ;
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. - If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd !

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she injoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent notion! Oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good mornings.

Speed. Oh! give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed.

Speed. He should give her interest ; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless, friend of yours ;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant ; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off :
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of so much pains ?

Val. No, madam, so it sfeed you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period ; well, I guess the sequel ;
And yet I will not name it ; and yet I care not ;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you ;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more

Speed. And yet you will ; and yet, another yet.

[*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ ;
But since unwillingly, take them again ;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay ; you writ them, Sir, at my request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over ;
And if it please you, so ; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then ?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour ;
And so good morrow, servant.

[*Exit.*

Speed, O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !

My Master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor, He being her pupil, to become her tutor :

O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ? That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write the letter ?

Val. How now, Sir, what are you reasoning with yourself ?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming ; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what ?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom ?

Speed. To yourself ; why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure ?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me ?

Speed. What need she,

When she hath made you write to yourself ?

Why, do you not perceive the jest ?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir : but did you perceive her earnest ?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well :

For often have you writ to her ; and she in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;

Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print ; for in print I found it.—

Why

Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Change to Julia's House at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Por. **H**AVE patience, gentle *Julia*.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'ersteps me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake;
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer, than I should:

[*Exit Julia.*

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Changes to a Street.

Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.

Laun. **N**AY; 'twill be this hour ere I have done
 ' weeping; all the kind of the *Launces*
 ' have this very fault; I have receiv'd my propor-
 ' tion, like the prodigious son, and am going
 ' with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think,
 ' *Crab* my dog be the sourest-natur'd dog that lives:
 ' my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister
 ' crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her
 ' hands, and all our house in a great perplexity;
 ' yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear!
 ' he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no
 ' more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have
 ' wept, to have seen our parting; why, my grandam
 ' having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at
 ' my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it:
 ' this shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my fa-
 ' ther; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay,
 ' that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so;
 ' it hath the worser sole; this shoe, with the hole
 ' in it, is my mother, and this my father; a ven-
 ' geance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my
 ' sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and
 ' as small as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I
 ' am the dog; no, the dog is himself; and I am
 ' the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am myself;
 ' ay, so, so; now come I to my father; father, your
 ' blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word
 ' for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well,
 ' he weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that
 ' she could speak now like a * wode woman! well, I

* *Oh that she would speak like an ould Woman.*] The first Folios read
 would. It should be wode; mad, crazy, frantic with Grief.

' kifs

‘ kifs her ; why there ’tis ; here’s my mother’s
 ‘ breath up and down : now come I to my fister :
 ‘ mark the moan ſhe makes : now the dog all this
 ‘ while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word ; but
 ‘ ſee, how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away, aboard ; thy maſter is ſhipp’d, and thou art to poſt after with oars : what’s the matter ? why weep’ſt thou, man ? away, aſs, you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty’d were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt ty’d that ever any man ty’d.

Pant. What’s the unkindeſt tide ?

Laun. Why, he that’s ty’d here ; *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou’lt loſe the flood ; and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage ; and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter ; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice ; and in loſing thy ſervice, —why doſt thou ſtop my mouth ?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould’ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue ?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail ?

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide ? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my fighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man ; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar’ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou go ?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. **S**ERVANT,——

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of Cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

I

Val.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire; Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. **N**OW, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth and worthy estimation; And, not without desert, so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy

We

We have convers'd, and spent our hours together :
And tho' myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection ;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises, that I now bestow ;)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an express' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates ;
And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think, 'tis not unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth :
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir *Thurio* ;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it :
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke*.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself :
Upon a homely object love can wink.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. **H**AVE done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*; mistress, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant, To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability: Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed: Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir *Thurio*,

Go with me. Once more, my new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Sil. and Thu.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Val. **N**OW tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much

Val. And how do yours? [commended.

Pro. I left them all in health. [love?

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you?

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now?

I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs.

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction;

Nor to his service, no such joy on earth,

Now no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol, that you worship so?

Val. Even he; and is he not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,

Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone——

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our
marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;

And

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[Exit *Val.*]

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine Eye, or *Valentine's* Praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too, much;
And that's the reason, I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that has dazzled so my reason's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. **L**AUNCE, by mine honesty, welcome to
* *Milan.*

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I
am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is
never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome

*It is *Padua* in the former Editions. See the Note in the third Act.

to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it so; but *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a *Christian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. **T**O leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love! * if I have sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose Sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I should love:
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself:

*— if thou hast sinn'd,] We must certainly read,
—if I have sinn'd.

If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
 For *Valentine*, myself; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.——
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still most precious in its self:
 And *Silvia*, (witness heav'n, that made her fair !)
 Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
 I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembring that my love to her is dead:
 And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
 Myself in counsel his competitor.
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine*:
 For *Thurio*, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Changes to Julia's House in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. COUNSEL. *Lucetta*; gentle girl, assist me;
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long. .

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;

Much

Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection; as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the only touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns:

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing port, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
'Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in *Elysium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseech some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:

To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be. [breeches?

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?

Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin.
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern *Protheus*' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong.
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,

To

To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not; but do it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Duke's Palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus,

DUKE.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray a while;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit Thur.*]

Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen.
 Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd;)
 I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently:
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discov'ry be not aimed at;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: *Sir Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit. Pro.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. **S**IR *Valentine*, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger

That

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be the of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio* to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, fullen, fro-
ward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like-duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower:
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, *Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,

* — Sir, in *Milan* here,] ought to be thus, instead of — in
Verona here,—for the scene apparently is in *Milan*, as is clear from
several Passages in the first Act, and in the beginning of the first
Scene of the fourth Act. A like Mistake has crept into the eighth
Scene of Act II. where *Speed* bids his fellow-Servant *Launce*, wel-
come to *Padua*.

Mr. Pope.

And

And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
 Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
 (For long ago I have forgot to court;
 Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,
 How, and which way, I may bellow myself,
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
 Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present, that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
 her;

Send her another; never give her o'er;
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you:
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
 For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
 For, get you gone, she doth not mean away.
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
 Tho' ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman,

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
 And kept severely from resort of men,
 That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Du. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
 That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her Window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
 Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
 To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
 Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower;

So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same? what's here, To *Silvia*?

And here an engine fit for my proceeding?

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*]

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying:

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,

While I, their King, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune;

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should have hour, where their lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia*, this night will I enfranchise thee:

'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.

*Why, *Phaeton*, for thou art *Merops'* son,

* Why, *Phaeton*, for thou art *Merops'* son,

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car.] *Merops'* son, i. e. a Bastard, base-born.

Wilt

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
 And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence:
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love,
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself:
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Val. **A**ND why not death,^c rather than living torment?
 To die, is to be banish'd from myself:
 And *Silvia* is myself; banish'd from her,
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
 Unless it be to think, that she is by;
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon:
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter

Enter Prothegus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. Valentine, —

Val. No.

Pro. Who then, his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you,—

Pro. I say, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are soft, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*!
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me!
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are banish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
 Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
 Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
 them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
 But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
 When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
 That to close prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
 speak'st,

Have some malignant power upon my life :
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good :
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that ;
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd.
 Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate ;
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate ;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs :
 As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an' if thou see'st my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia*! hapless *Valentine*!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Protheus.*]

S C E N E IV.

Laun. I Am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one kind. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages: she hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *Imprimis*, she can fetch and carry; why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore she is better than a jade. *Item*, she can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, fig, for *Launce*? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie, on thee, jolt-head, thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed.

Speed. Marry, the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. *Nicholas* be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin,

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Bastard Virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. *Item*, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. *Item*, she hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. *Item*, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. *Item*, she is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices!

to

to be flow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, she is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down, she's flow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Re-hearse that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less.

What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. **S**IR *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you.

Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so. *Protheus*, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide a bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Proteus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
K Because

Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,
 You are already love's firm votary;
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
 Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
 Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
 Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
 To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
 But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough;
 You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
 Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
 Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity:
 For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poet's sinews;
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
 Forake unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber window
 With some sweet consort: to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews, thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
 Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently
 To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music;
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E. I.

A Forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

I O U T-L A W.

F E L L O W S, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down
with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have
about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the Villains,
that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a pro-
per man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

K 2

Val.

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearse :
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men;
Myself was from *Verona* banish'd,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and niece ally'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With

With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our con-
fort?

Say, ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews.
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to an open Place, under Silvia's Apartment, in Milan.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. **A**LREADY I've been false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

K 3

When

When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falshood to my friend ;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
 And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us ?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio* ; for, you know, that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia* ?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own : now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

S C E N E III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. **N**OW, my young guest, methinks, you're
 allycholly : I pray you, why is it ?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry ; I'll bring you
 where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman
 that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak ?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark, hark !

Jul.

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is he,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you fadder than you were before? how do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-string.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman.

Host. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he * lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. *Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewel.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Music.*]

S C E N E IV.

Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. **M**ADAM, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen: Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this, That presently you hie you home to bed. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man? Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

* lov'd her out of all nick.] i. e. out of all Count: That is, extravagantly. A Phrase taken from Accounts when Calculations were made by nicking on Numbers upon a Stick.

To be seduc'd by thy flatter,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night, I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And, by and by, intend to chide myself,
Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*aside*] T'were false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But since your fallhood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep

Jul. Pray you, where lies *Sir Protheus*?

Host. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. **T**HIS is the hour that *Madam Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam!

Silvia above, at her window.

Sil. who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. *Sir Eglamour*, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,

As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, since, I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming,

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick's* cell;

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind *Sir Eglamour*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launce with his Dog.

WHEN a man's servant shall play the cur with him,
Look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up
of a puppy, one that I sav'd from drowning, when

three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as a present to mistress *Silvia* from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; what cur is that? says another; whip him out, says the third; hang him up, says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn. I have sat in the stocks for the puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for the geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, * when I took my leave of Madam *Julia*; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? did'st thou ever see me do such a trick?

* when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*;] We should certainly read *Julia*, meaning when his Master and he left *Verona*.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. **SEBASTIAN** is thy name? I like thee well;
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt—How now, you whoreson
peasant,

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd mistress *Silvia* the dog,
you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, curish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, in deed, she did not: here have I brought
him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stoll'n from
me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and
then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as
ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say: stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[Exit Launce.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth;
That can with some discretion do my business:
(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go

Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber.

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit *Protheus*.]

S C E N E VIII.

Jul. **H**OW many women would do such a message?
Alas, Poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him:

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will.

And now I am, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day? I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Urfula*, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines;
I know, they're stufft with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his false finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well, as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes, I do protest

That I have wept an hundred several times. [her.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that *Protheus* hath forsook

Jul. I think, she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is :
When she did think, my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away ;

*The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And pitch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature : for at *Pentecost*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia's* gown ;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me ;

* *The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,*

And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face.

That now she is become as black as I.] To *starve* the *Roses* is certainly a very proper Expression: But what is *pinching* a *Tincture*? Probably the Word *starv'd*, made some Editors write *pinch'd*; tho' they might have seen that it was a tanning scorching, not a freezing Air that was spoken of. For how could this latter Quality in the Air so affect the Whiteness of the Skin as to turn it black. Therefore we should read,

And pitch'd the lilly-tincture of her face.

i. e. turned the white Tincture black, as the following Line has it,

That now she is become as black as I.

and we say, in common Speech, *as black as Pitch*. — By the *Roses* being *starv'd*, is only meant their being withered, and losing their Colour.

There

Therefore, I know, she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theſeus*' perjury and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewel. [Exit Silvia.]

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful,
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold;
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas! how love can triſtle with itſelf!
Here is her picture; let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is his of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come; and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,

* My substance should be statued in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Near the Friar's Cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

E G L A M O U R.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick's* cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time:
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
 Out at the postern by the abby-wall;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we'er sure enough. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. **S**IR *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my suit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was,

* *My substance should be statue in thy stead.*] It is evident this Noun
 should be a Participle, *statued*; i. e. placed on a Pedestal, or fixed in
 a Shrine to be adored.

And

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,

"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto that peasant *Valentine*;

And

And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true; for *Friar Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At *Patrick's* cell this Ev'n, and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads towards *Mantua*, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit Duke.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her:

I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,

Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,

Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we must bring you
to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman, that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyse* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to th' west end of the wood,

There is our captain: follow him, that's fled.

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out.

i Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Out-laws Case in the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. **H**OW use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
What hallo'ing, and what stir, is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you.
(Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!

Love

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came ;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by an hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus* :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none : better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form ;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love ; force you,

Sil. Oh heav'n !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. *Valentine!*

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love;

For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus,*
I'm sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deep. Oh time, most accurst!
Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal'swrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy!

[Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter?
look up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver
a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect,
was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see:

This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herself did give it me.
And *Julia* herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft hath thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment: if shame live
In a disguise of love.—

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n!
were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia*'s with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity, two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

S C E N E V.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A Prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu.

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia*'s mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,——

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch;

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love,——

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not.

I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love:

Know then, I here forget all former griefs;

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go: we will include all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this Page, my lord?

Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he
blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

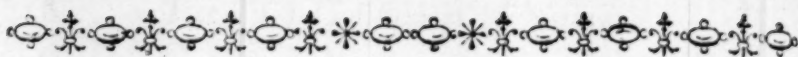
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THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.





Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with*
Mrs. Anne Page.

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, }
Mr. Ford, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, }
Pistol, } *Sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
Nym, }

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr. Page.*

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr. Ford.*

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr. Page, in love with*
Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, *Windsor: and the Parts adjacent.*

THE



* T H E

MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Before Page's House in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow, Esq;*

Slen. In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum.*

Slen. Ay, And *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white lues in their Coat.

* This Play was written in the Author's best and ripest Years, after *Henry the Fourth*, by the command of Queen *Elizabeth*. There is a tradition that it was composed at a Fortnight's Warning: But that must be meant only of the first imperfect Sketch of this Comedy, which is yet extant in an old Quarto Edition printed in 1619. This which we have here was altered and improved by the Author almost in every Speech

Mr. Pope.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowfes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to master *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistrefs *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and

and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Sten. Did her grand-fire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Sten. I know the young gentle woman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. Page: is *Falstaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, ho? Got blest your house here.

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. WHO's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young master *Slender*; that, per adventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea, and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master *Slender*.

Sten. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cot-sale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slén. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke, as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some fort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redres'd; is not that so, master *Page*? he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. **N**OW, master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait; I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slén. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you,

you, and against your cony-catching-rascals *Bardolph*,
Nym, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my
humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, cou-
sin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us understand
there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand;
that is, master *Page*; *fidelicet*, master *Page*; and there
is myself: *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is,
lastly and finally mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between
them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my
note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause
with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol.—

Pist. He hear with ears.

Eva. The tevin and his tam! what phraze is this,
he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master *Slender*'s purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he; (or I would I
might never come in mine own great chamber again
else,) of seven groats in mil-fixpences, and two *Ed-*
ward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and two
pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir *John*
and master mine.

I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word of denial in thy *Labra*'s here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou ly'ft.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then, he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: he, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*]

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt Fal. Page, &c.*]

SCENE

S C E N E. IV.

Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I Had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Smp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* upon *All-hallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the woman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of

the mind: therefore precisely, can you carry your good Will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must; will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer, save, the fault is in th'ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

S C E N E V.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. **H**ERE comes fair mistress *Anne*: 'would I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne*.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for as you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow*. [*Exit Simple.*] A Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit, 'till you come.

Slen. I faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerston* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain: but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it past: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. **G**O your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exeunt severally.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. **M**INE host of the garter,——

Host. What says my bully rock? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*

Pist. O base *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: steal? foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am a most out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conycatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal.

Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Fastaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious *oeillades; sometimes, the beam of her view guilded my foot; sometimes, my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine. [*Aside.*]

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. † I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this

* most judicious iliads;] Read *oeillades*, glances. *French.* *Mr. Pope.*

† *I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me;*] The same Joke is intended here, as in the second Part of *Henry* the fourth, Act 2. — *I will bar no honest Man my House, nor no Cheater.* — By which is meant *Escheatours*, an Officer in the Exchequer, in no good Repute with the common People.

letter

letter to mistress *Page*; and thou this to mistress *Ford*:
we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side wear steel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no bare humour; here, take the
humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores. [To *Robin*.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt Falstaff and Boy.*

S C E N E VIII.

Pist. **L**ET vultures gripe thy guts; for *gord and
Fullam holds:

And high and low, beguiles the rich and poor.
Tetter I'll have in touch, when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk*!

Nym. I have operation in my head, which be hu-
mours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and tier star

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to *Ford*.

* -- for gourd, and *Fullam* holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.] *Fullam* is a cant Term
for false Dice, high and low. *Torriano*, in his *Italian Dictionary*, in-
terprets *Pise* by false Dice, high and low Men, high *Fullams*, and low
Fullams. *Johnson*, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, quibbles upon
this cant Term. Who, he serves? He keeps high Men and low Men,
he has a fair Living at *Fullam*. -- As for *Gourd*, or rather *Gord*, it
was another Instrument of Gaming, as appears from *Beaumont* and
Fletcher's Scornful Lady. -- And thy dry Bones can reach at nothing now,
but *GORDS*, or *Nine-pins*.

Pist.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,
 How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,
 His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
 And his soft touch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense
Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with
 yellowness; for the Revolt of *Mien* is dangerous:
 that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of male-contents: I second
 thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. **W**HAT, *John Rugby*! I pray thee, go to
 the casement, and see if you can see my
 master, master Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith,
 and find any body in the house, here will be old abu-
 sing of God's patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.]

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at
 night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.
 An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall
 come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-
 tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he
 is giv'n to pray'r; he is something peevish that way;
 but no body but has his fault; but let that pass.
Peter Simple, you say, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master *Slender*'s your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like
 a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face,
 with a little yellow beard, a *Cain*-colour'd beard.

7. Cam.

Quic.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you?—oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I'll do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby*! *John*! what, *John*, I say; go, *John*, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: and down, down, a-down-a, &c. [*Sings.*

SCENE X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. **V**AT is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier verd; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vais à la Cour—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; Dépêchez, quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby!

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! *John*!

Rug.

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me! *Qu'ay je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diab!e*, *Diab!e*! vat is in my closet? vil-laine, *Larron*! *Rugby*, my rapier.

[Pulls Simple out of the closet.

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman your maid, to speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, baillez me some paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad, he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French Doctor* my master. (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house.

house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and make the beds, and do all myself.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mistress *Anne Page*; but, notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his throat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make;—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

[Exit Simple.

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter a ver dat: do you not tell-me, dat I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will myself have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-ger!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me;—by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of my door;—follow my heels, *Rugby*.

]Exeunt Caius and Rugby.

Quic. You shall have An fool's head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [within.] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic.

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house,
I pray you.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. **H**OW now, good woman, how dost thou?
Quic. The better that it pleases your good
worship to ask.

Fent. What news? now does pretty mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest,
and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell
you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I
not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but
notwithstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a
book, she loves you: have not your worship a wart
above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is
such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as
ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that
wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!
but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and
musing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's
money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf;
if thou see'st her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will
tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we
have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest
gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's*
mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have
I forgot?

Exit.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I

Before Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I escap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; so to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, * I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for

** I'll exhibit a Bill in Parliament for putting down of men.]*

Mr. Theobald reads, *for putting down of fat men.* But how is the Matter mended? or the Thought made less ridiculous? *Shakespeare* wrote, *for the putting down of hum, i. e. the fatning Liquor so called.*

the

the putting down of Mum: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. **M**R S. Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will lack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive, how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun of oil in his

his belly, a' shore at *Windsor*? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own greafe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he has a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount *Pellion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some Strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sullie the chariness of our honesty: oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am

from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. **W**ELL, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal-dog in some affairs. Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Aleon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.

Away, Sir corporal *Nym*.——

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sence. [*Exit Pistol.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu.

[*Exit Nym.*
Page.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wit.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a dawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the priest o'th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.

Page. **H**OW now, *Meg*? [you.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, *George*? hark

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George*? Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and, pray, how does good mistress *Anne*?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]

SCENE V.

Page. **H**OW now, master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

M 2

Page.

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they is men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

S C E N E VI.

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. **H**OW now, bully *Rock*? thou'rt a gentleman; cavaliero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh the Welch* priest, and *Caius the French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Host.

Host. What say'st thou, bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry *Host* hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; did I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. * Will you go on, *Heris*?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.*]

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Ishstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

Exit.

* Will you go on Heirs?] This nonsense is spoken to *Shallow*. We should read, --- Will you go on, *Heris*?

i. e. Will you go on, Master. *Heris*, an old Scotch Word for Master.

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.**Enter Falstaff and Pistol.**Fal.* I Will not lend thee a penny.*Pist.* Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open—I will retort the sum in Equipage.*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nym*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistress *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a short knife and a throng, to your manour of *Picket-hatch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of mine honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enscorse your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phrases, and your bold-bearing oaths, under the shelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!*Pist.* I do relent; what wouldst thou more of me?*Enter*

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. **G**IVE your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress Ford, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor Cuius.

Fal. Well, on: mistress Ford, you say——

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford, —what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worship's a wanton: well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistress Ford,——come, mistress Ford——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderfyll: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant

you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so rustling. I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good *She Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousy-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* wife, and *Page's* wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! but mistress *Page*, would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life, than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis no good, that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This pink is one of *Cupid's* carriers:

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights,
Give fire; he is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jost*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good

M 5 body,

body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. **S**IR *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. *Brook*; is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir,

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph*] such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via*!

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; ingross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; need, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this;

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues;
Pursuing That that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then ?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose : You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir !

Ford. Believe it, for you know it ; there is money, spend it, spend it ; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife ; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you ; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift ; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself ; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves ; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity,
her

her reputation, her marriage now, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master *Brook*, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I proceed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lie with his wife: Come to me soon at night; *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night.

[Exit.

SCENE.

S C E N E X.

Ford. **W**HAT a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this ! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy ? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made ; would any man have thought this ? see the hell of having a false woman ! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ranfack'd, my reputation gnawn at ; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names ; *Amaimon* sounds well ; *Lucifer*, well ; *Barbason*, well ; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends : but cuckold, wittol, cuckold ! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife ; he will not be jealous : I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* with my *Aquavite* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself : then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises : and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousy ! Eleven o'clock the hour ; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page* : I will about it : better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie ; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold ! [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

Changes to Windsor Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. **J**ACK Rugby !
Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack ?

Rug.

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wife, Sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page,

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor & *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Fancoyes*? ha, bully? what says my *Aesculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack-Priest* of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector* of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should

should fight, you go against the hair of your professions : Is it not true, master *Page* ?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one ; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us ; we are the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home ; I am sworn of the peace ; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man : you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice ; a word, Monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater ? vat is dat ?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest ; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw ? vat is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully : but first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he ?

Host. He is there ; see, what humour he is in ; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields : will it do well ?

Shal.

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him lie; but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her, * Cry aim, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III S C E N E. I.

Frogmore, near Windsor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

E V A N S.

I Pray you now, good master *Slender*'s serving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, 'old *Windsor* way, and every way but the town way.

[* Cry aim, said I well ?] i. e. Consent to it, approve of it.

Eva.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind ! I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me ; how melanchollies I am ! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke : 'Pless my soul !

[Sings, being afraid.

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls ;
There will we make our peds of roses ;
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By shallow—'Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigalls—When as I sat in Pabilon ;—and a thousand vragrant posies.*
—*By shallow, &c.*

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to whose falls—*

Heav'n prosper the right ! what weapons is he ?

Simp. No weapons, Sir ; there comes my master. Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

S C E N E II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Shal. **H**OW now, master Parson ? good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slender. Ah, sweet *Anne Page* !

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pless you for his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal.

Shal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor Caius, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should sell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Shen. O, sweet Anne Page!

S C E N E III.

Enter Host, Caius and Rugby.

Shal. IT appears so, by his weapons: keep them afunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear: wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours: I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* *Jack Rugby*, mine *Host de Jartere*, have I not flay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine *Host of the Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, foul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine *Host of the Garter*. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*? shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my *Sir Hugh*? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so: Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page*?

[*Exeunt Shal. Slend. Page and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-de-fot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog.

flog. I desire you, that we may be friends ; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart ; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page* ; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles ; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page, and Robin.

Mrs. Page. **N**AY, keep your way, little gallant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels ?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a d varf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy ; now, I see you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress *Page* ; whither go you ?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife ; is she at home ?

Ford. Ay ; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company ; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of : what do you call your Knight's name, *lrrah* ?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff.*

Ford.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick, till I see her.

Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

SCENE V.

Ford. **H**AS *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower ring in the wind: and *Falstaff's* boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Ateon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius,

Shal. Page, &c. **W**ELL met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal.

Shal. I must excuse myself, *Mr. Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with *Mrs. Anne*, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father *Page*.

Page. You have, *Mr. Slender*; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master Doctor is for you, altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nurrl-a-Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young *Mr. Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz*: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, hearly, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. *Mr. Doctor*, you shall go; so shall you, *Mr. Page*; and you, *Sir Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at *Mr. Page's*.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to mine honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink *Canary* with him.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him

him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentlemen?

All. Have with you to see this monster. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

*Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants
with a basket.*

Mrs. Ford. **W**HAT John! what, Robert!
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant—What, Robin, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. * How now, my Eyas-musket, what news with you?

* *How now, my Eyas-musket.*] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd Hawk. 'Tis suppos'd from the Italian *Niaso*, which originally signified any young Bird taken from the Nest unfledg'd, afterwards, a young Hawk.

Rob.

Rob. My master *Sir John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a taylor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; mistress *Page*, remember you your cue.

[*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I varrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. **H**AVE I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet *Sir John*?

Fal. *Mrs. Ford*, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistress *Ford*: now shall I sin in my wish. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, *Sir John*? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that be-

comes the ship-tire, the tire-vailant, or any 'tire of *Venetian* admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir *John*: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so; thou would'st make an absolute Courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a-many of these lipping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.

[*Falstaff* hides himself.]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd; y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder——[*Aside*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mr. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather,

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and

and you had rather; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whitening time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress Ford. You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John, go take up these clothes here, quickly. Where's the cowlstaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in *Datchet-mead*; quickly, come.

S C E N E X.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. **P**RAY you, come near, if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whether bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford.

Ford. Buck? I would, I could, wash myself of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my key; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. B. gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E XI.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. **I**S there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband alk'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heav'n forgive my sins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress *Page*; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de-turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I See, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet
Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*;
 Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
 Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealed bags;
 And 'tis the very riches of thyself
 That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
 Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, Sir;
 If opportunity and humblest suit
 Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.
 [*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. **B**REAK their talk, mistress *Quickly*; my kins-
 man shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis
 but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me? I care not for
 that, but that I am affear'd.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would speak a word
 with you,

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
 O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
 Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good master *Fenton*? pray you,
 a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O, boy, thou
 hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell
 you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs.
Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of
 a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman
 in *Gloucestershire*.

Shal.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed, I never made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Page, and mistress Page.

Page. NOW, master *Slender*: love him, daughter

Anne.

—Why, how now? what does master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master *Fenton*.

Come, master *Shallow*; come, son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

* *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth.

Quic. And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself; good master *Fenton*,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, Sir; she must needs go in.

Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master *Fenton*: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night Give my sweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*]

* *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Can we think the speaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be sure the last Line should be given to the Procuress, Quickly, who would mock the young Woman's Aversion for her Master the Doctor.

Quic

Quic. Now I leav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it? [Exit.

S C E N E XV.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B**ARDOLPH, I say.
Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [Exit Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd, in a basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th'litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

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Fal.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. **B**Y your leave: I cry your mercy, Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices; go brew me a pot-
tle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself: I'll no pullet-sperm in my
brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from
mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was
thrown into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her
fault: she does so take on with her men; they mis-
took their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's
promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would
yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this
morning a birding; she desires you once more to
come to her between eight and nine. I must carry
her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I war-
rant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her
think what a man is: let her consider his frailty; and
then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, begone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir.

[Exit.
Fal.

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. BLESS you, Sir.

Fal. Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's direction, they convey'd me in to a buck-basket?

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ram'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. ↵

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes; but mark the sequel, master *Brook*; I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be

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be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. *Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible. he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page.

I S he at Mr. *Ford's* already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no school to-day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; master *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my husband says, my son profits

profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his *Accidence*.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, *Sirrah*, hold up your head, answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

Wil. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, *od's nouns*.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair*, *William*?

Wil. *Pulcher*.

Quic. *Poulcats*? there are fairer things than *poulcats*, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, *William*?

Wil. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, *William*?

Wil. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Wil. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Wil. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case*?

Wil. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog*.

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, *William*?

Wil. O, *vocative*; O.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative* is *caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Wil. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Wil. *Genitive, horum, harum, eorum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's *case*; fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*; fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? hast thou no understandings for thy *cases*, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. Pry'thee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Wil. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs* and your *quods*, you must be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. MISTRESS Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth;

breadth; not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, compliment, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What ho, gossip *Ford*! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir *John*.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly——Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience; to this distemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad, the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way shall he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him in the basket again?

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. **N**O, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! alas! three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word: neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John; mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he swears, she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do.

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heav'n it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Ser.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. **A**Y, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? set down the basket, villain; somebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, master *Ford*,——you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress *Ford*; mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes——

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why——

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eav. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table sport; let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that searcheth a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress *Page*! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? we are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. **C**OME, Mother Prat, come give me your Hand.

Ford, I'll Prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcatt, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman, is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. **S**IR, the German desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; they must compt off; I'll sawce them, come. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. **T**IS one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant? *Mrs.*

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extream in submission, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives -
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in
the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river;
and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman;
methinks, there should be terror in him, that he
should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he
shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when he
comes;

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the
hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in *Windsor* forest,
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device,
That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with' us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
{ Disguised like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come
And in this shape when you have brought him thi-
ther,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like too, pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the
knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vi-
zards. Mrs.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the Queen of all the fairies;

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that time Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my Nan away, [Aside. And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*; he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us proper- ties and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries. [Ex. Page, Ford and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mrs. Ford, Send *Quickly* to Sir John, to know his mind. [Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*. That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot; And he my husband best of all affects: The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her; Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Host and Simple,

Host. **W**HAT would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir John *Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Hof. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call, bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine *Hof.*, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Falstaff, above.

Fal. How now, mine *Hof*?

Hof. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine *Hof*, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wife woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muffle-shell, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistresses

trefs *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. O U T, alas, Sir, cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses, speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three *German* devils, three *Doctor Faustus*'s.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain; do not say, they are fled; *Germanians* are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Eve. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Reading*.

ing, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Host de Jartere*?

Host. Here, master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamaica*; but my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

S C E N E X.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two Parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous

lainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ad is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exit.

SCENE XI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. MASTER *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy,
I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will,
at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her

Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
 The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
 That neither singly can be manifested,
 Without the shew of both. *Fat Sir John Falstaff*
 Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest
 I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host;
 To night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one,
 Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen;
 The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
 While other jests are something rank on foot,
 Her father hath commanded her to slip
 Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
 Immediately to marry; she hath consented.—Now,
 Sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match,
 And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 (While other sports are tasking of their minds;)
 And at the Deanry, where a priest attends,
 Straight marry her: To this her mother's Plot
 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests;
 Her father means she shall be all in white,
 And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the Doctor,
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
 That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribbands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me;
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,

And

And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [Exit.

S C E N E XII.

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. **P**R'YTHEE, no more prattling; go, I'll hold.
This is the third time; I hope, good luck
lies in odd numbers; away, go; they say, there
is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance
or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I
can to get you a pair of horns. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head
and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter
will be known to night, or never. Be you in the
Park about midnight, at *Herne's* Oak, and you shall
see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you
told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a
poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*,
like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her
husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in
him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will
tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a
woman; for, in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I
fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam; because I
know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along
with me, I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I

O 5

pluckt

pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow ; strange things in hand, master *Brook* ! follow.— *Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Windfor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

P A G E.

COME, come ; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum* ; she cries, *budget* ; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too ; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget* ? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well ; heav'n prosper our sport ! no one means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away ; follow me, [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mistrefs Page, Mistrefs Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. **M**R. Doctor, my daughter is in green ; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch

patch it quickly ; go before into the Park ; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do ; adieu. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter ; but 'tis no matter ; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, and the *Welch* devil *Evans* ?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's* Oak, with obscur'd lights ; which, at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd ; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on ; to the Oak, to the Oak. [Exeunt.]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies ; come, and remember your parts : be pold, I pray you follow me into the pit ; and when I give the water-ords, do as I bid you ; come, come ; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, with a Buck's head on.

Fal. **T**HE *Windsor* bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on ; now the hot-blooded Gods assist me ! Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a bull for thy *Europa* ; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love ! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man ; in some other,

other, a man a beast: You were also, *Jupiter*, a swan, for the love of *Leda*: Oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast,——O *Jove*, a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl:——think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windsor* stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes: let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. *Mistress Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[The women run out.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, drest like Fairies, with Tapers.

Quic. FAIRIES, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of
* You Ouphen heirs of fixed destiny, [night,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windsor* chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant Queen hates fluts and sluttery.

Fal. They're faities; he, that speaks to them, shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Eide*? go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those, that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windsor* castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In state as wholsom, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.

* *You Orphan-heirs of fixed destiny.* But why *Orphan-heirs*? Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the Poet wrote, *You Ouphen-heirs of fixed destiny.*—i. e. you *Elves*, who minister, and succeed in some of the Works of Destiny. They are called, in this Play, both before and afterwards, *Ouphes*; here *Ouphen*; *en* being the plural Termination of Saxon Nouns.

And

The several chairs of Order look you scour,
 With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:
 Each fair Instalment-Coat and sev'ral Crest,
 With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
 And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the *Garter-compass*, in a ring:
 Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense* write,
 In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purpled, blue and white,
 Like saphire, pearl, in rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee; }
 Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.
 Away, disperse; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the Oak
 Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Eva. Vild wrom, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end;
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come. ———

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*]

Come, with this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire;
 About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme:
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

The

THE S O N G.

*Fie on sinful phantasy,
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but th' blood, a fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in hear, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts to blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and he takes away a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his Buck's head, and rises.

S C E N E V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. **N**AY, do not fly; I think, We've watcht you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husbands? do not these fair Yoaks Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? master *Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, master *Brook*; and, master *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's* but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it, master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Cheese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Cheese and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *English*? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; * I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let That go to make amends:

Forgive that Sum, and so we'll all be Friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. Slender hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius's wife.

[Aside.]

* I am not able to answer the Welch Flannel.] Shakespear possibly wrote Welch Flamen. As Sir Hugh was a choleric Priest, and apt to take Fire, Flamen was a very proper Name, it being given to that Order of Latin Priests from the flame-coloured Habit

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Slender.

Slen. WHAT hoe ! hoe ! father *Page*.

Page. Son, how now ? how now, son, have you dispatch'd ?

Slen. Dispatch'd ? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't ; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son ?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that ? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl : if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments ?

Slen. I went to her in white and cried *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed ; and it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu ! Master *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boys ?

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What shall I do ?

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry ; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Enter Caius.

Caius. **V**ER is mistress Page? by gar, I am cozen'd;
I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one
peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar,
I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise
all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. Fenton.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother,
pardon.

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not
with Mr. Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor,
maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her most shamefully,
Where there was no proposition held in love:
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and and shun]
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand
to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will also dance and eat plumbs at your Wedding.

Fal. When nightdogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—*Sir John*,
To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to night, shall lie with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the First Volume.

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